THE

A Shakespear (W.)

GENIUS OF SHAKESPEAR,

A

SUMMER DREAM.

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CORNHILL STREET, MAY-FAIR
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To Mr. ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

ALLOW me to return thanks for the polite manner in which you gave me the honor of your Name to this firſt offspring of juvenile fancy; and to impute it to the Title, which it bears, of the immortal Bard, whoſe memory in a particular manner enjoys your Patronage. Poetry is unqueſtionably the firſt of the fine arts. The example of ſome ſuperior Geniuſes, who have ſacrificed its dignity, and degraded their underſtandings, at the ſhrine of opulent folly, joined to powerful cuſtom, which even lends a grace to virtue, ſanctifies trivial things, and too often obſcures the ſhew of evil, has made Dedications the vehicles of flattery, ſervility, and meanneſs; ingredients, which diſguſt the man of literature and manly manners as much to receive as to beſtow.

" But let not thoſe by whom the Muſe is ſcorn'd,
" Alive or dead, be of the Muſe adorn'd,"

And ſhe will ſoon regain her native rank and divinity. The queſtion, which poſterity at leaſt never fails to aſk, " What has he done to deſerve this?" makes the praiſe of ſuch venal writers " fade like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion," and

gives eternal luſtre to a life of honor, and public utility. Then the Patron of arts will ſhine like the ſun, when the tranſient Meteors of faſhion are ſeen and remembered no more. O that our nobility would purſue its illuſtrious courſe! Then might we again hope to ſee Spartan magnanimity and attic ſcience; even though the breed of horſes, dogs, cocks, grooms, and ſharpers, were degenerated.

That you may long live to enjoy the preſent univerſal opinion of your Country, and raiſe the drooping heads of the Muſes, who have been ſeen a thouſand times, yet will ever appear with freſh beauty, inſtruction, and delight, when introduced by one, who has expence of fancy ſufficient to afford them a new habit, and judgement to dreſs them in it with taſte and decency, is the ſincere wiſh of the

AUTHOR.

To the CRITIC.

I am only relating a dream.

THE
GENIUS OF SHAKESPEAR,
A
SUMMER DREAM.

Yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers daily—
If anſwerable ſtile I can obtain
Of my Celeſtial Patroneſs, who deigns
Her daily viſitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
Eaſy my unpremeditated verſe— MILTON.

WHEN ſtretch'd upon the bank of Avon ſtream
That ſilent glided ſmooth along,
Lapt and lull'd with airy ſong,
My temples beat
With ardent heat,

The radiant ſun's unbounded ray
Gilded Nature all ſo gay,
That verdant fields rejoicing ſung,
And rocky echoes rung;
And while the muſic of the ſpheres
Delightful dwelt upon my penſive ears,
I ſunk into a dream.

Methought that *Shakeſpear's Genius* roſe
From out the river's bed;
And, lifting up his head,
While Zephyr ſoft about him blows,
And curling water round him flows
In circling eddies, ling'ring near
Their darling ſon to hear,
Thus in melody he ſaid.

O ſleeping ſtranger, loving ſtill to ſtray
Along this river, wet-nurſe of my lay!
While Judgement ſleeps, let Fancy wander
Thro' each maze, and each meander

Of

Of my rapt ſeraphic ſong,
Marking how by magic ſpell
I drag the Muſe with me to dwell,
Slighting mortal Critic's ſlander,
Over hill, and over dell.
Then tell the dull phlegmatic throng,
Who, having nought,
Steal my thought,
While each with his methodic mind
Meaſures his maſter unconfin'd;
And thoſe, elate when ſparks inſpire,
Who find them fiercer in my fire,
And vent their ſpleen,
With envy keen,
To ceaſe to ſatire heavenly ſong.

He ſpake, and high
As the blue Sky
His awful head uprear'd:
The clouds around,
Dark when he frown'd,
In thunder ſhook the ſpheres;

And

And at his threats they trembled with pale fears;
But when he ſeem'd to weep, they all diſſolv'd in tears.

With ſtaring eyes, wide mouth, and ſtanding hair,
At his right hand a dreadful giant lay,
Who, trembling terribly with anxious care,
Upſtarted oft in wonder, and diſmay.
Then near his left ſide, kneeling low,
Pity on a moſſy pillow,
Blue eyed maid with face of ſnow,
Wept beneath a pendant willow;
And gazing on the magic dream,
Ever as her maſter choſe,
Her eyes two murm'ring torrents ſeem,
With which the river overflows:
High above the bank it peers,
And drowns the woe-born maid with her own tears.

In their hands two magic wands,
That reach'd from earth to heaven, they held:

The

The one was black, and hov'ring round
Were Goblin ſpells, and helliſh powers;
The other white, and lightly crown'd
With ſea weed, ſhells, and fairy flowers:
Which when the Genius wont to wield,
A bird bedeck'd with plumage blue,
From forth his temples flew;
And creeping low, or ſoaring high
With wide extended wings,
Searching ſtill, with eagle eye,
Above, below
This earthly ball,
Wherever mortal thought can go,
Brought all created, oft created things,
To wait upon their mighty maſter's call.

While ever and anon,
As feather'd Fancy led them on,
A thouſand figures, new and ſtrange,
Over the green ſward range,

Such muſic floating on the wild air flies,
My ſenſe—my ſoul diſſolv'd in pleaſure lies.

A monſter brute of horrid mold,
Ending foul in fiſh's tail,
With indignation I behold
A wond'rous virgin fierce aſſail.
But hark! ſoft muſic from the ſky
Enchants my ſleeping ears;
And lo! a ſpirit like a fly
To guard the maid appears.
This agent ſmall a power contains
To cramp the brute with cruel pains.
From Heav'n
The power was given.
Such is the ſacred guard which Virtue gains!

Now a fairy King and Queen
Dance along the moon-light green
With all their train of tiney ſprites,
Loyal as them beſt beſeems,

Shunning

Shunning ſtill the ſolar beams
To live in ſummer nights:
Their revels only ſeen by thoſe,
Who wake, and wand'ring want repoſe,
By foreſt or by fountain;
Then, leaving on the rural ſod
The prints where tripping they have trod,
They flie o'er mead and mountain.

Two hoſtile houſes then appear:
From this a youth, from that a virgin came,
Who ſecretly ſoon met with fear,
And own'd a mutual flame.
Leaving their kindred all to hate,
Diſcord, death, and dire debate,
The God of love no other place
Could find whereon
To fix his throne,
But ſqueez'd into ſo ſmall a ſpace,
With his almighty power flew
Into their boſoms young and true.

I heard

I heard them then their love relate,
And (as the ſong of Philomel
Wafted ou the evening gale)
Complain of cruel Fate.
They met again, and ſigh'd.
I ſaw them wand'ring near a tomb,
Where, deſtin'd to a hapleſs doom,
They met again and died.

A youthful prince, with doubtful tread,
Of ſullen brow, but generous mind,
Following his father's murder'd ſhade,
Linger'd fearfully behind;
Till, growing bold,
The martial figure told
His death ſo foul,
That, all on fire,
His generous ſoul
Was fill'd with keen deſire
To revenge his royal Sire.

The phantom ſtruck me ſtern with awe.
Not far behind a frantic maid,
By love bewilder'd, then I ſaw,
In whiteſt innocence array'd,
Wildly ſtrewing the green with ſtraw;
Who moraliz'd in ſuch a ſtrain,
That, all for pity of her pain,
My tears would not refrain.
Ay me! ſhe ruſh'd up to the brink
Of yon bank willow'd wave;
And ſoon, alas! began to ſink
Into a wat'ry grave;
But, madly ſmiling, ſeem'd to think
That, peaceful in a coral cave,
She left her care behind;
For while (her garment floating round)
I run to help the hapleſs maid,
Who made me weep, broke my ſleep,
And vaniſh'd like a ſhade,
Sadly ſighing on the wind,
Echo ſent the mournful ſound;

Which ſtill my ear
Is wont to hear,
And draw the dropping tear.

Heart waſted then with tears and ſighs,
I laid me down
On the ſoft ground,
And ſhut my red worn eyes.

A warrior mov'd with ſtout majeſtic pace:
Love revell'd in his heart, tho' ſable was his face.
And ſtill about with him did go
A ſubtle fiend, who, bowing low,
Infus'd into his honeſt ears
Such dreadful doubts and fears,
That loud he roar'd with jealous pain,
"Chaos is come again."

A tyrant with a bloody crown
(Starting at each ſight and ſound,
And hemm'd with weather'd hags around,

Who

Who rais'd by many a potent ſpell
Dreadful ſpectres from the earth,
Which opening trembled at their birth;
And by theſe ghaſtly prophets told,
Falſely, his future fam'd renown,
Who ſimply thus for ſhadows ſold
His poor deluded ſoul to hell)
A dagger in his red hand bore;
Starting at which, he trembled ſore.
Cloſe whiſpring to him came
A proud and portly dame,
Wand'ring in a dream.
Oh! I beheld
The candle's beam,
Which in her hand ſhe held,
To tremble ſo,
As dreadful ſhew
Her agonizing ſoul.
And whilſt her eyes in ſleep did rowl,
And oft ſhe rubb'd her hands in vain,

I heard her mutt'ring ſoft, and low,
As church yard winds at midnight blow,
" The blood does ſtill remain!
" This everlaſting ſtain
" The ocean's water will not waſh away."
And then ſhe ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
" To bed, to bed;
" We cannot raiſe the dead."
Then hurrying, fearful, and forlorn,
To lie upon a bed of thorn,
She vaniſh'd like a miſt away.

Then, mournful muſing, ſlow advanc'd
A King without a crown:
On him no eye with pity glanc'd;
But every faithleſs brow fierce wore a frown.
Bare headed he of all the throng,
And weeping as he went along,
Oft I heard him cry,
" O let me but in peace lie down,
" To fret with tears upon the ground
" A grave, wherein to lie!"

But

But they his piteous prayer deny,
And drag him ſtill the crowd among.
Beſide him pranc'd a rebel proud,
To whom the rabble ſhouted loud,
" All hail, great Bolinbroke!"
Trampling their lawful monarch down,
To fix upon that head a crown,
Which ſhould have crown'd a block.

A huge knight wallowing next came on.
As ne'er before
Such human weight it bore,
The earth beneath him ſeem'd to groan.
Old as he was, with thin worn hair and grey,
A coward, thief, notorious liar,
A drunkard fill'd with lewd deſire,
Yet when he ſpoke, ſo exquiſite his joke,
That grief and wiſdom ſtalk'd away;
Or, tempted with him to abide,
Soon ſunk to fun, and fooliſh play.

And whilſt he ſhook his greaſy ſide,
Dancing after him he drew
The wild and warlike hope and pride
Of Engliſh hearts, in trial true.
The royal youth, when left alone,
Reſolv'd to quit his vicious mate;
Be worthy of his father's throne,
And of his princely ſtate.
But ſoon as he the knight beheld,
More full of glee a thouſand fold
Than old Anacreon of old,
His virtue he again forgot,
And to the vices of that ſot
Again was forc'd to yield.
And ſure I am he was the God
Of wit, and mirth, and gaiety,
If ſuch a vicious lumping clod
Could well be call'd a Deity.
For, ſleeping all the while,
I could not chuſe but ſmile
At every word he ſpoke;

Till

Till, more and more my fancy hit,
He with exceſs of wit
Did ſo my drowſy ſenſe provoke,
That laughing loudly I awoke,
And all the phantoms fled away.
But tho' I ſaw the gliding ſtream,
Glittering glorious with the beam
Of noon, and nature all ſo gay,
For loſs of ſuch delightful dream
I ſoon began to weep;
And ſhutting out the unwelcome day,
Addreſs'd myſelf to ſleep.
Soon I brought the much lov'd ſcene,
By the warm and gentle breeze,
That whiſper'd thro' the trembling trees,
Lull'd, and lyric larks on high,
Within my ſealed eye.
I ſaw the gay prince once again,
With crown upon his head,
Follow'd by a warlike train
Of blood, which England bred.

The ſtandard they uprear'd,
And quickly diſappear'd.
But ſoon upon a foreign ſhore
The heroe I beheld once more:
How martial was his mein,
The trump of fame blowing before,
As he the God of war had been!
I ſaw him then engage
With more than mortal rage.
I ſaw him then with Glory's crown,
Adding a kingdom to his own;
And wonder'd much to ſee
A youth ſo fooliſh and ſo free
The prologue to ſuch bright renown.

A pious monarch then appears,
By his bold queen led on
To bloody battle, tho' in tears
Himſelf, devout, and full of fears,
In many a well fought field

Tugging

Tugging hard to keep his throne,
Which ſhe at length was forc'd to yield.
In priſon while forlorn he lies,
With body bent, deform'd, and foul,
A mortal fiend towards him hies
Of daring and relentleſs ſoul.
Butcher'd by the monſter's ſword,
Whilſt the hapleſs monarch fell,
"Hence," he cried, "thou trembling coward!
"Hence, and with the devil dwell!"
Heav'n did ſeek
His ſpirit meek,
And doom'd his murderer to hell.
But firſt (reſerv'd to do a deed
To damn him, of the deepeſt dye)
His brother's offspring in their ſleep,
Whom he had got to guard and keep,
He ſmother'd. Oh! my heart did bleed
To hear the royal infants cry.
How ſweetly did they, face to face,
With little velvet arms embrace,

And lips of coral hue
(Like budding roſes in the ſpring,
Which fragrance to each other fling)
That cloſe together grew.
'Till weather'd by the froſt of death,
Their color blaſted, with their breath
Their harmleſs ſouls to heaven flew.

But now methought the Genius wav'd his wand,
And ſtraightway, knowing his mighty Lord's command,
Gigantic terror from his right ſide roſe,
And with majeſtic march to Pity goes.
There when he found
The melted maid was drown'd,
He bore the babes, and buried them in the ground
Under the willow tree,
Wrapping all the three
In pity's tear wet garment, meet
Their winding ſheet
To be:

Then, backward ſtalking to his former ſtate,
In fearful expectation fierce did wait.
Ah! who would crop
The budding hope
Of ſuch delightful flowers!
The hungry howling wolf that all devours,
In whoſe ghaunt viſage ghaſtly death grim lours,
Would ſtarve beſide a ſmiling babe aſleep;
The royal lion would have catch'd
The ſympathy, and wakeful watch'd
To guard them ever, and in ſafety keep:
But fell ambition, fiercer far
Than theſe, or even than civil war,
Will ſpill a ſea of blood, and raiſe a rain of tears,
A crown to gain
Of thorns, and fears,
Which will not long remain;
Unleſs with ever wakeful eyes,
And anxious care and dread,
The ballance well the bearer poiſe,
To keep the tottering burden on his head.

At laſt the tyrant graſp'd the golden prize,
The height of all his hopes, and ſum of all his joys:
How vain the wiſh of wicked men!
Their hopes to terrors turn, their joy to pain.
For now the monſter from his den was ſcar'd,
And by a foreign foe forth call'd to fight:
And lo! two armies, in the field prepar'd,
Diſturb with murmurs fierce the ſilent night.
This doubtful, dreadful, ſpace he tries
In ſleep to loſe his pain,
And vigor freſh to gain
For morning's dire debate;
But all in vain.
From out the yawning earth upriſe
The murder'd monarch's ſhade,
And orphans, pale as are the cheſted dead,
And warn him of his fate
With fearful cry,
Frowning their little fronts, and ſhewing his wound,
"Deſpair, and die!"
The night grew darker at the aweful ſound.

With

With dreadful dreams his ſoul's tormented now;
The big drops boil upon his lab'ring brow;
His quiv'ring limbs, ſtiff hair, and groaning breath,
Speak agonies, that mercy makes of death.
And now he ſtarts awake, with ſtony eyes,
And Mercy in ſo fierce an acceut cries,
That from my ſoul the frighten'd ſlumber flies.
Terror himſelf no longer would remain;
But with Gorgonian flight,
Beyond my ſight,
Like Boreas bounded o'er the ample plain.
Trembling awake, I think the viſion true,
And riſing upward ſtart at ſhadows too.
But long I did not thus remain;
For ſhaking off my fear,
I ſoon began to ſigh again,
Though for a dream ſo drear.
Then to cool my boiling blood,
Hot ſo long beneath the ſun,
Whoſe daily race was almoſt run,
I bath'd me in the flood;

While thus I ſung,
With envy ſtung.
Thy flow'ry bank, fair Avon, I muſt blame,
That could the ſweets of all the Muſes throw,
And chryſtal ſtream, that could ſo clearly ſhew
Their charms to one, who makes them bluſh for ſhame,
In looſe unruly weeds to wander ſo.

Then from my hollow hand a draught,
The cup which early nature taught,
I plentifully drank;
And gently then my penſive head
Upon the moſſy cover'd bank,
Soft nature's velvet pillow, laid;
And thus in ſoothing murmur ſaid:

Behold, ſweet Bard, I lend an ear,
Flying the world, and all that's gay,
To liſten rather to thy lay!
O, therefore, let me hear

The lover's artleſs ſong,
Heroes bold that ſtalk along
Of mighty ſoul,
Ghoſts that howl,
Fairy elves, and airy ſprites,
And hags that dwell in darkeſt nights;
With all the wonders which to thee belong!
And I will gather every flower,
Which ſpring profuſe doth proudly pour,
To deck the golden day;
And ſcatter them as laviſh forth
Upon the fairy trodden turf,
That cloaths thy moulder'd clay:
Where ſoon they'll fade,
And wither, becauſe thou art dead.

The Genius heard,
And ſudden rear'd
His great and glorious head,
That like the ſun appear'd,
Low floating on the trembling wave;
Which fearful to the ſhore faſt fled;

But back rebounded glad.
The ſwarming fiſh in circles form,
And liſtening leave the fly and worm,
While thus in haſte he ſaid.

Thy prayer—thou ſhalt partly have;
But ſhort ſhall be my future ſong,
Of Trojan, Roman, Britiſh names,
The ſtern triumvirate of fame:
So—ſtay not, ſtranger, long;
For elves, that here their revels keep
In the abſence of the ſun,
Will give thee agues in thy ſleep,
Diſturbing them, when day is done,
In fairy freak and fun.

He ceas'd; and from his brilliant brow
(For I could well diſtinguiſh now,
Upon ſo near a view,
What, when lofty in the ſky,
Could not be ſeen by mortal eye)
The azure bird forth fluttering flew;

And, pecking from the Genius' head
Many a hair that waving grew,
Form'd with wond'rous art a thread,
And up to heav'n flew:
Thence the Tragic Muſe did bring
By this fancy woven ſtring;
And dragg'd her, weeping and forlorn,
Over hedge, and ditch, and thorn:
'Till wand'ring thus, at length they came
Near the bank whereon I lay.
Diſtreſs'd to ſee the lovely dame,
I roſe, and ſudden ſnatching tried
To ſeize the bird:—darting away
With rapid flapping wing,
It left with me the ſtring,
To which the melancholy maid was tied.
But oh! when I beheld her charms,
My heart beat thick with keen alarms,
Leſt heav'n ſhould call the fleeting fair.

And O, ſaid I, be thou divine,
And lovelieſt of the lovely nine,
Propitious to my prayer!
O ſtay with me,
And I will be
A lover, gentle, true, and kind!
I'll ſcreen thee from the parching air,
And from the wint'ry wind.
No toilſome journey's ſhalt thou go;
But ſtill with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow,
Weeping at domeſtic woe,
Where thou art moſt inclin'd.
I'll build a ſolitary cell,—
Where only thou and I ſhall dwell;
And what thou ſingeſt in mine ears,
I'll write with blood and tears.
And I will do what has been done
By the Greek, and Britiſh ſon
Of thy majeſtic ſiſter, ſhe,
Who never much did honor thee;

Her

Her haughty perſon they did prize
More than their unhappy eyes:
I'll gaze upon thee till I'm blind.
O ſtay with me, and I will be
A lover, gentle, true, and kind!

Thus having ſaid, her eyes like ſtars ſhed light.
She wip'd her dew diſtained cheek,
Pale and cloudy as the moon,
With hair dark as midnight:
Then faintly ſmiling, anſwer'd meek,
And mild as breath of ſummer noon.

Ceaſe thou, nor ſeek to bind, attempt how vain!
With mortal chain a Goddeſs; mortal force
On me hath loſt its power ſince Shakeſpear died;
To whom my father Jove, in mood benign,
Yon bird celeſtial gave, poſſeſſing power
To pull from Heaven the nine.—O fatal gift!
Repented ſoon!—To me and Thalia chief,
My ſmiling ſiſter fatal; whom rough he,

Regardleſs

Regardleſs either of proper place or time,
Or garment, though for virgins much unmeet,
And reckleſs, as thou ſaw'ſt, would drag oft up,
And down, immodeſt in the gaze of men.
But Jove relenting, ſoon the bard upcall'd,
Immortal with himſelf to dwell, leaſt he
Deſerted ſhould become, or leſs ador'd:
For wanting wonted harmony, and drain'd
Of its delight, in heaven the murmuring Gods
No longer would have liv'd, but left his throne
Bereft of half its pomp for earthly ſong.
Then from his black ambroſial curled locks
My aweful ſire the thunder ſhook, and ſwore
(At which the Gods aghaſt, and heaven and earth,
And hell's profoundeſt pits, trembled in doubt,
And all that in them were, 'till wholly heard)
That never mortal more ſhould ſo command;
But with true prayers devout, and ſtudy pure,
And long, might win the Muſes to his mind.
Tho' none can force me, therefore, from above,
Yet I may deign to viſit thoſe I love.

But I have laviſh'd ſuch a ſtore
On the Golden age of yore,
That I'm not eaſy now to gain
By a mercenary race,
Who did my Otway ſuch diſgrace,
And treat the few inſpired train,
My darling ſons alive with ſuch diſdain;
While wealthy dunghill knaves and fools,
Thy nation's moſt peculiar ſcorn,
Whom nature meant for ſlaves and tools,
Enjoy the roſe, and leave my ſons the thorn.
If, therefore, thou would'ſt happy be,
Do not, do not worſhip me!
If thou art covetous, O flie me!
If ambitious, come not nigh me!
What's thy wiſh, and what's thine aim?
O give me, Goddeſs, never dying fame!
Wouldſt thou then love me with a life of care
For empty breath, which cometh after death?
Dear Goddeſs, liſten to my ardent prayer;
For what is life itſelf but empty breath?

Then let me freely fly to heaven again,
And grateful I for this releaſe from pain,
In time will ſing to thee a ſweeter ſtrain,
Than ſudden force can ever gain.
Live, and labor in thy cell,
And I will whiſper in thy ear
During my tranſient viſits here,
Meaning in heav'n moſt to dwell.
But lo! the ſun beneath th' horizon falls;
And hark! my lord and maſter loudly calls.

She ended; and I turn'd my eye
The ſurface of the ſtream upon,
While thus I heard the Genius cry,
With melancholy tone.

His true love ſlighted, and true learning ſcorn'd,
A wretched wanderer, in want to roam
For ever doom'd; when dead, with tomb adorn'd;
But, like our Lord, alas! without a home;

The Poet's fate is hardeſt here below,
Tho' ſomething after death divine appears;
For Poet's ink did never freely flow,
Which was not temper'd with a life of tears.
But now, the paths of life well pictur'd ſee,
And make a choice; to all the choice is free.

He ſaid: a mountain did upriſe,
Gently ſloping to the ſkies;
There ended in a rocky ſteep,
A thouſand fathom deep;
At foot of which a verdant plain,
A various, dear, delightful ſcene,
Flowr'd in purple, gold, and green,
Where falling waters, birds, and wind,
In joyful chorus join'd,
Ran far to meet the boundleſs main.

I ſaw a jolly thoughtleſs throng
Up tripping to the top along;

Till, as they near approach'd the brink,
They ſtarted, and began to think,
Grow ſad, remonſtrate, and complain
To ſtedfaſt pacing time, in vain:
Dragg'd by his adamantine chain,
Down the precipices prone
They fell, forgotten, loſt, and gone.

A dreary cavern open'd wide
Its mouth upon the mountain ſide
Low; to life it ſeem'd a grave,
And carcaſes to crave;
Grim as death, excluding day,
Yet thro' the mountain made its way,
And did a loathſome paſſage yield
To that Elyſian field.
Moſt of thoſe, who ventur'd in
This gulph, return'd again,
Frighten'd at their gloomy ſtate,
And join'd the jolly train:

Exceeding

Exceeding all in mirth and din,
They ſhar'd their miſerable fate.
The valiant venturing few
I pitied much, till once again
I ſaw them, level with the plain,
Come ſafe, and glorious, thro':
They wander'd hand in hand with time,
While Nature poured forth her prime
Farther than my eye could view.

But from this pleaſant reverie
Thus the Genius rouſed me.

Behold the gulph!—whoever means to go,
Laborious, underground, to live obſcure
A few ſhort years in darkneſs, and in woe,
May gain a glory which will long endure.

He ceas'd, and ſinking, ſoftly cried, farewel!
The waves then ſwirling o'er his head,
To follow him did ſeem ſo glad,

That ruſhing all in rival race,
Eager to paſs, they choak'd the place:
So have I ſeen a croud thick ſwarm
To feel majeſtic Siddons' charm.
I turn'd me to the muſe; when, lo!
She dropp'd a tear, vaniſh'd, and ſigh'd, farewel!
And as ſhe up to heav'n did go,
I heard her ſweetly in the---air
Repeating ſoft and low,
Farewel!—farewel!—farewel!
And while the rocks, and hills, and dells,
Echo'd ſadly wild, farewel!
I heard the neighbouring curfew ring,
Ding—dong—bell;
And waking, thought it Fancy's knell.

FINIS.

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